

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time  
To land his Legions all as soon as I:  
His marches are expedient to this towne,  
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:  
With him along is come the Mother Queene,  
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,  
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,  
With them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,  
And all the worsted humors of the Land,  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:  
In briefe, a brauer choise of dauntlesse spirits  
Then now the *English* bottomes haue waft o're,  
Did neuer flote vpon the swelling tide,  
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome:  
The interruption of their churlish drums  
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,

*Drum beats.*

To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.  
*King.* How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.  
*Anst.* By how much vnexpected, by to much  
We must awake indeuor for defence,  
For courage mounteth with occasion,  
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter *K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke,*  
and others.

*K. John.* Peace be to *France*: If *France* in peace permit  
Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne;  
If not, bleede *France*, and peace ascend to heauen.  
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct  
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.

*Fran.* Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne  
From *France* to *England*, there to liue in peace:  
*England* weloue, and for that *Englands* sake,  
With burden of our armor heere we wear:  
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;  
But thou from louing *England* art so farre,  
That thou hast vnder-wrought his lawfull King,  
Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape  
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:  
Looke heere vpon thy brother *Geffrey* face,  
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;  
This little abstract doth containe that large,  
Which died in *Geffrey*: and the hand of time,  
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:  
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,  
And this his sennet, *England* was *Geffrey* right,  
And this is *Geffrey* in the name of God:  
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,  
When liuing blood doth in these temples beat  
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-masterest?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commission  
To draw my answer from thy Articles? (*France*)  
*Fra.* From that supernal Iudge that stirs good thoughts  
In any beast of strong authoritie,  
To looke into the blots and staines of right,  
That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,  
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,  
And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

*K. John.* Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie.  
*Fran.* Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe.  
*Queen.* Who is it thou dost call vsurper *France*?  
*Conf.* Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne.  
*Queen.* Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,  
That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.  
*Con.* My bed was euer to thy sonne as true  
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy  
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*  
Then thou and *John*, in manners being as like,  
As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;  
My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke  
His father neuer was so true begot,  
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.  
*Queen.* There's a good mother boy, that blots thy face.  
*Conf.* There's a good grandame boy  
That would blot thee.

*Anst.* Peace.

*Bast.* Heare the Cryer.

*Anst.* What the deuill art thou?

*Bast.* One that wil play the deuill fir with you,  
And a may catch your hide and you alone:  
You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes  
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;  
He smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,  
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.  
*Blan.* O well did he become that Lyons robe,  
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

*Bast.* It lies as lightly on the backe of him  
As great *Aleides* shoes vpon an Ass:  
But Ass, he take that burthen from your backe,  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

*Anst.* What cracker is this same that deafes our eares  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?  
King *Lewis*, determine what we shall doe strait.

*Lew.* Women & fooles, breake off your conference.  
King *John*, this is the very summe of all:  
*England* and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,  
In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee:  
Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

*John.* My life as soone: I doe desie thee *France*,  
*Arthur* of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,  
And out of my deere loue I giue thee more,  
Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win;  
Submit thee boy.

*Queen.* Come to thy grandame child.

*Conf.* Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,  
Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will  
Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,  
There's a good grandame.

*Arthur.* Good my mother peace,  
I would that I were low laid in my graue,  
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me, (weepes).

*Qu. Mo.* His mother thames him so, poore boy hee

*Con.* Now shame vpon you where she does or no,  
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames  
Drawes those heauen-mouing pearles fro his poore eies,  
Which heauen shall take in nature of a see:  
I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd  
To doe him Iustice, and reuenge on you.

*Qu.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth.

*Con.* Thou monstrous Iniurer of heauen and earth,  
Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurper  
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights  
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy finnes are visited in this poore childe,  
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,  
Being but the second generation of mid world,  
Remoued from thy sinne, conceiuing wombe:  
*John.* Bedlam haue done, who to noisalloq stande

*Con.* I haue but this to say, a sinfull boy to be  
That he is not onely plagued for her sin, being a  
But God hath made her sinne and her the plague:  
On this remoued issue, plagued for her sinne,  
And with her plague her sinne: his iniurie  
Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne, and her the plague:  
All punish'd in the person of this childe,  
And all for her, a plague vpon her.

*Que.* Thou vnadvised feld, I can produce  
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne, but may  
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will,  
*Con.* I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will, who  
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And King ore him, and all the  
For this downe-trodden equi  
In warlike march, these grie  
Being no further enemy to  
Then the constraint of hospi  
In the reliefe of this oppres  
Religiously proliques: Be p  
To pay that dutie which you  
To him that owes it, namely  
And then our Armes, like to  
Saue in aspect, hath all offen  
Our Cannons malice vainly  
Against th'invulnerable elou  
And with a blessed and vn-v  
With vnhack'd swords, and  
We will beare home that lost  
Which heere we came to spo  
And leaue your children, wiu  
But if you fondly passe our p  
Tis not the founder of your  
Can hide you from our messen  
Though all these English, an  
Were harbour'd in their rude  
Then tell vs, Shall your Cite  
In that behalfe which we ha  
Or shall we giue the signall  
And stake in blood to our pe  
Cit. In breefe, we are the  
For him, and in his right, we  
John. Acknowledge the  
Cit. That can we not: b  
To him will we proue loyal  
Haue we ramm'd vp our gate  
John. Doth not the Crow  
King?

And if not that, I bring you  
Twice fifteen thousand hear  
Bastards and else.

*John.* To verifie our title  
*Fran.* As many and as we  
*Bast.* Some Bastards too  
*Fran.* Stand in his face to  
Cit. Till you compound  
We for the worthiest hold th  
*John.* Then God forgie  
That to their everlasting res  
Before the dew of euening fa  
In dreadfull trial of our king  
*Fran.* Amen, Amen, mo  
*Bast.* Saint George that sw  
And ere since sit's on's horse  
Teach vs some fence. Sirrah  
At your den firrah, with you  
I would see an Oxe-head to  
And make a monster of you.

*Anst.* Peace, no more.  
*Bast.* O tremble for you  
*John.* Up higher to the pl  
In best appointment all our  
*Bast.* Speed then to take  
*Fra.* It shall be so, and at  
Command the rest to stand,  
Here after excursions, E  
with Trumpets

*Fra.* Her. You men of Ang  
And let yong *Arthur* Duke e  
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